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Recommended Citation

Taylor University, "Taylor University Echo" (1919). *The Echo 1918-1919*. 12.
<https://pillars.taylor.edu/echo-1918-1919/12>

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Draper

TAYLOR UNIVERSITY

Echo

VOL. 6

Upland, Indiana, Apr. 8, 1919

No. 13



CO-ED



A new "co-ed" member of our Taylor family arrived at the home of Prof. Glazier, April 1.

The Fenstermacher brothers spent their vacation in Cleveland visiting their parents and friends.

Misses Hancock, Hurlbut and Stevens were entertained at Miss Felton's home in Fairmount during the week-end.

Misses Maston and Emerson and Mrs. Park were vacation guests of "Aunt Sally" Stout, of Marion.

Mr. Joseph Imler spent the week-end with Mr. Henry Schlarb in Marion.

Miss Joy Stephenson was also in Marion for her vacation. She was entertained at the home of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. McKay.

Dr. and Mrs. Westlake, Misses Stephenson, Teed and Ekis and Mr. Wigg were in Muncie Thursday evening to hear a piano recital by Pasquale Tallarico, of Indianapolis. They were delightfully entertained at dinner at the home of Miss Mitchell.

Messrs. Westlake, Futrell and Bailey have discontinued school for this year.

Miss Rahe chaperoned a small vacation party Friday evening at the Dining Hall.

The T. U. quartet was at Strangha Station Saturday night.

Miss Kathreen Albright has returned from a visit at Canton, Ohio.

Miss Lenna Neff, a former T. U. student, has arrived to spend the next term in school here.

Word has been received that K. Ayres has landed in New York.

Miss Joslyn, a former T. U. student who has been in deaconess work, has been in school here the past term, but has returned recently to her home in Oswego, New York.

Misses Hord, Fritz, Whitaker and Wertz spent vacation in their respective homes.

Evangelist and Mrs. LaManse have been here for a brief stay. They are leaving soon for a meeting in Iowa. Miss Imogene will accompany them.

Mr. Randolph Webster went home for vacation.

Mrs. Lois Vayhinger Browning and her husband, Mr. Ray Browning, visited at her parents' home this week.

Mr. Saunders became very suddenly and violently ill last Sunday evening. He was fortunately able to go home for his vacation.

Mrs. Ellges, a sister of the Hunter girls, who are well known in this school, and Miss Hullinger have enrolled as students for the new term.

Mr. Harley Zeller has been spending the week-end in Anderson.

Mr. Jeffers, our postmaster, reports an enjoyable vacation in Grelton, Ohio.

Ralph Johnson, member of the famous old T. U. quartet, has been discharged from the army and stopped here at school for a brief visit. He was accompanied by Robert Morris, another member of the quartet.

Mrs. S. R. Salter, who has been teaching in North Dakota, is back in school this term. We are glad to have her among us again.

Mr. Charles Nicholson has been obliged to leave school on account of sickness.

DAILY CHRONICLE.

Wednesday, March 19—Social meeting at the M. E. church. Basket supper is enjoyed.

Thursday, March 20—Two hour classes have exams. Dog escapes from Biology lab.

Friday, March 21—Philo program features first appearance of a well-known orchestra. Charles Shilling is recognized as the director.

Saturday, March 22—One of those rare Saturdays which are really studious, and are known only before exams.

Sunday, March 23—Good missionary program at the M. E. church. The inmates of Swallow-Robin conscientiously wait for twelve o'clock, and then the lights go on one by one.

Monday, March 24—Threatened exams have become a very real fact. Everyone goes about the campus thoughtful—at last. Special table in the Home Room for Mr. Bailey, who is to leave us next term.

Tuesday, March 25—Announcement dinner party for Miss Wertz and Mr. Thomas. Someone is heard to remark that he didn't know there were so many engaged couples in T. U. Recital by Voice, Expression and Piano students.

Wednesday, March 26—A general sigh of relief. We have survived the storm, have registered for the new term, and now face the pleasant prospect of vacation. A farewell party at Westlake's for Kenneth, who is not expecting to return.

Thursday, March 27—A favored few go to Muncie to hear Tallarico. The faithful Ford is on unusually good behavior. Chop Suey dinner at the Dining Hall.

Friday, March 28—A very enjoyable party in the dining hall. Mr. Climenhaga cautiously steps into the social whirl.

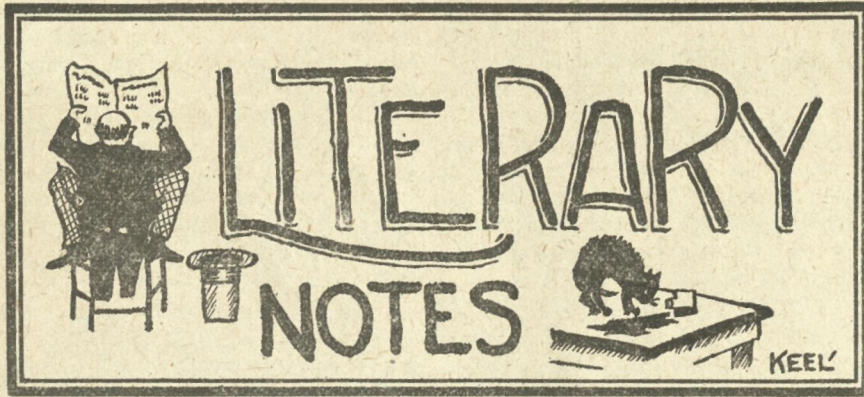
Saturday, March 29—Just the sort of day to take a long walk to the river—"wich we did."

Sunday, March 30—The campus still looks rather empty. Tommy wears that glad smile which has been acquired some time during the afternoon.

Monday, March 31—March is truly going out like a lion. School resumes its normal aspect with the return of the students. Party for Miss Imogene La Manse, who is leaving soon.

Tuesday, April 1—! ! ! ! !

Mr. and Mrs. John Guy, of Cleveland, announce the marriage of their daughter, Annabel, to the Rev. H. R. Chalfant, pastor of the M. E. church at West Bedford, Ohio, March 27, 1919.



SPRING.

When you see the yellow sunshine,
And feel the bracing air,
And your wayward footsteps take you
As they will, 'most anywhere;
When you see the couples strolling,
And hear the blue birds sing—
Just put away that grouchy look,
Remember—it is Spring!

Or if the day is gloomy,
And the sky is overcast;
If each successive torrent
Seems much wetter than the last;
If the mud's so soft and sticky
That you cannot stir from home—
Don't stop to grumble and complain.
Remember—Spring has come.

The dogwood's all in blossom;
The trees are dressed in green;
And purple violets shyly
Peep from their leafy screen.
Don't mind the April downpour;
Just sing a song of cheer,
And help to drive away the clouds,
For oh, the Spring is here!

And once you get the feeling
Of the spring time of the year,
You'll not care about the weather,
Nor the winter bleak and drear;
But from your gladness overflow
Such cheery words will start,
That all the world will brighten
At the springtime in your heart.
—Jane Campbell.

ULYSSES.

Tennyson in his poem, "Ulysses," has made the far-wandering, adventurous, courageous Ulysses of the Greek Odyssey the matchless embodiment of the Anglo-Saxon energy of soul that is the secret of our full modern life.

A castle high up on a barren crag is the home of an aged king. Though feeble enough to retire from work, the man sits as a giver of laws unto a people who he considers capable only of eating, drinking, sleeping, and hoarding. Full of years and valiant

service as he is, the memory of a worthy post does not bring him perfect satisfaction.

To the soul all ablaze with a purpose, no record of past achievement is adequate for its present happiness. Such a soul is not looking forward to a day when the doing of an easy task will occupy all his time or fill his vision; neither does he hope for an old age in which his whole business shall be the recounting of glorious exploits. He rather trusts that to the last his life may "shine in use" and not "rust out unburnished." At no stage in his life except in helpless infancy may one rightfully feel his sole duty is to draw his breath. With all the service possible crowded into a life, it is not too eventful; with a long record of worthy deeds done through the years, we cannot be guilty of having helped too many up the steep highway.

Old king, what inspiration for tireless endeavor do you furnish our waiting, eager souls, for you tell us that every hour that we live is a bringer of news from that upperworld in which is our citizenship! And not only is this true but it is a vile sin to stop short of the utmost effort in service merely because one is old and bodily strength has failed. As the years multiply the love of truth may deepen, and our spirits, like Ulysses', may yearn to follow knowledge, the better part.

"Like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bounds of human thought."

So we shall feel a boundless pleasure, as new and grand truths sweep "into our ken." Just here we are reminded that old Cato at eighty began the study of Greek, a task often given up before it is fairly begun by men under twenty.

Thus the aged king leaves his sceptre and the isle to his son, whose fitting work it seems to be. The vessel to carry him in his quest of newer shores lies puffing in the harbor; the sea, beyond, dark and deep, invites

the adventurer to launch out upon its pounding waters; and he bids his mates shove from shore; to beat back the sounding waves that the inspiration to discover some undiscovered world may express itself in noble action. He no longer has strength to face new difficulties, but he has a will "to sail beyond the western sunset"; he has a purpose "to strive, to seek, to find"—to do anything but yield. Sail on! Sail on and on and on! There is a place that man's foot has not trod, and it will be yours though you are old, for the discovery.

Thus life, to the very last, holds charm and fascination for the one who is everlastingly guided by the pilot star of some high ideal. We, too, O King, stiffen the sinews of our moral nature and by a mighty willing push out beyond the bounds of our small attainments to more purposeful, noble achievement, possessed like you of a will to do or die, choosing death itself rather than an easy, placid existence.

—E. Dancey.

THE EASTER LILY.

In the hush of the fragrant spring dawn a rosebud quietly unfolded its petals. It lifted its face to the fading stars and shivered as the cool morning breezes touched it. As the day brightened a bluebird flew to a near-by twig and poured forth his morning song. An older rose not far away inquired why he sang so joyously and why everything seemed so happy.

"Oh," replied the bird, "have you not heard that our Lord arose from the dead today? He is in this garden and may pass this way."

The older rose heard these words and as she saw the first rays from the morning sun glancing toward her over the green of the grass-grown hills she flung her fragrance to the breeze. The younger rose heard also and as she swayed to and fro she breathed in the depths of her half-enfolded heart a hope that she might be approved by Him.

After a time she discovered a tall lily bud nodding in the breeze and thought how fortunate she had not heard, for she was a tightly closed bud and would not open for several days. Anyway the Lord cared more for roses than for colorless lilies.

But the lily had heard, and sighed at the thought of not being ready to greet Him. Then leaning on the breezes as they passed, she told them of her longing to see the risen Lord.

"Be brave, little bud," they whispered. "He may not pass this way

today." Tenderly they kissed her and sped on their way.

Cheered by the voice of the breezes she lifted her bowed head. As she did so she felt the warm embrace of the morning sun and soon the sound of voices came to her through the stillness. She listened breathlessly. It was the Lord with the holy angels. As they drew near one of the angels saw the newly opened rose and exclaimed, "Lord, look at the beauty of this rose. It has opened to praise its Maker on Thy resurrection day."

"Yes," answered the Lord, as He bent over the rose, who thrilled and trembled for joy, "it is beautiful. But," He added as He turned to the

modest lily bud, "here is the purest of all flowers. It shall always be an emblem of this glad Easter time."

As He spoke He stopped and lovingly touched the bud with the tips of His fingers. Immediately the petals burst open and the lily appeared in the fulness of her beauty. The angels bowed their heads and walked on; the throngs passed by and wondered at her perfection.

They never knew the cause, for the flower kept her secret well. But as we look into the Easter lily, we think of Him who clothed her with His own beauty.

—Lucy Brooks.

the fragrant aroma floated out from the broken alabaster box, dared to broach the suggestion that it might have been sold for a price. Surely vandal feet have trampled the precious contents of the vase and the din and uproar of the market place have slipped into the sanctuary. Judas stood that day surrounded by incomparable wealth, but in his soul he stifled the plea for the priceless.

What a common peril is this, and how vital that every individual be on guard, not specifically against greed in the market place, but against losing his way in the temporalities, earth-fled and earth-filled. It is the subtlety of dwelling amid so much that is artificial and not easily suggestive of unseen sources and spiritual values of life until impiety, treachery and materialism have crept in and sapped from the soul its more refined sensibilities and immeasurable possibilities of sainthood.

Only in the cross of Christ is revealed the priceless gift of God; there the humble, contrite, obedient soul who rejoices in this cross can exclaim:

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

When once the soul has caught a vision of the rich fulness, the abounding joy awaiting above the clash of the mercenary and the allurements of the world, then beauty real, truth sincere, love divine possesses the being, and that lasting plea for the priceless dominates the life. With this as the supreme propelling force of life's activities the smallest task finds its dignity, the noblest calling becomes ennobled while the trying and disagreeable things are seen in a new light and borne with a new hope. It is a life of self-sacrifice, of putting the best self at the point of need, striving in all sacred and sacrificial uses of life to bless the world, to uplift and redeem fallen humanity. Then, to fill the obscure and hidden place if need be; to weep with those that weep and rejoice with those that rejoice; to look steadfastly toward Calvary, experiencing the crushing agonies of Gethsemane; tasting the dregs of the bitter cup, the heart pierced through by the excruciating pangs of sin borne for others; clasping the hand of hope beyond sacrifice; sharing the burdens of heart-broken, down-trodden humanity—this is to follow in the steps of the Master who made a plea for the priceless.

Never before have there been so many open doors for those who are willing to consecrate their lives to the service of the Master. In many districts of our own country are scores



A PLEA FOR THE PRICELESS.

The trend of the age is toward the materialistic. We live amid the din and clatter of material things. In the rush of the commercial age—in the ever increasing competition for earthly fame and honor and in constant dealing in goods stamped with monetary values and branded with signs of merchandise, how prone we are never to look beyond the market price and see the real, the hidden, priceless. How often the priceless is exchanged for the base and sordid, the forceful reality replaced by the glimmering shadow, and how frequently youthful vigor and noontide strength are absorbed before we catch a glimpse of the true basis of estimates.

Many who have attained to greatness as the world terms greatness, have failed to lay hold upon the priceless, the eternal. There was the ambitious Caesar who fought battles, gained victories and made Rome the mighty mistress of the world, but at last see him with a dagger through his heart and ere long hear the crash of a falling empire. Likewise Alexander the Great subdued kingdoms and consolidated empires into one mighty empire, only to fade away in the bloom of his manhood. Napoleon, admired by all the world, as the

mightiest genius of military achievement, by a few colossal strides held the world in his grasp, but alas, how soon the sun of so brilliant a career set behind the cloud of misfortune and a miserable existence lived out on a lone and billow-dash isle. Bismarck the illustrious German statesman, came to his closing years with a keen regret that life had not been spent in a higher realm of service and blessing. The literary world has looked with admiration upon the poetic talent of the gifted Byron, but as he was nearing the end, hear his sad lament: "My days are in the yellow leaf; The flowers and fruits of love are gone;

The worm, the canker and the grief
Are mine alone."

All these, gifted though they were, had failed to come in touch and fellowship with that Spirit Divine that quickens the soul and lifts the vision above the sphere of selfish interest and earthly values.

How strange that ever since time began many have lived with an eye single to financial returns and material advantages. There was Esau selling his birthright to gratify fleshly appetite; the scheming Lot coveting the fertile plains of Sodom, and the avaricious Judas, who in the very presence of the Master, amid the hush and sacred silence of that hour when

innumerable untouched by the message of good tidings. In the face of such a need may we not be imitators of the brave Jeremiah, who said, "Set thine heart in the highway," and then went forth to the front of battle praying that his head were waters and his eyes a fountain of tears that he might weep over the slain of the daughters of his people. From far across the waters comes the Macedonian cry. There millions with faces turned to some lifeless image or making pilgrimages to some sacred shrine seek a panacea for life's ills, knowing not of the Balm in Gilead and the Great Physician there.

The foundations of the work have already been laid through the ministry of heroism and love on the part of pioneer missionaries in whose spirits was exemplified obedience and martyrdom. All Christendom pays tribute to the courage of Livingstone who dared to enter the benighted jungles and explore the open sore of the world. A friend suggested the waste of ointment, but the noble Livingstone animated by a vision of those choice gems purchased by the sufferings of Calvary, was constrained by the plea for the priceless. Another on the coast of the dark continent, with emaciated form, looked beyond the shadow of an earthly existence into the gleaming light of an eternal abode and sent forth this thrilling plea from his lips, "Though a thousand fall, let not Africa be given up." Henry Martyn, amid the impenetrable darkness of India, was but expressing the burning passion that surged through his soul when he exclaimed, "Let me burn out for God in India." Not less inspired by the plea for the priceless are those noble men and women who today stand as representatives of the Cross in the uttermost parts of the earth. Theirs it is to share in that glorious task of making Him known and ushering in the day "when the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

What an age of opportunity is this and opportunity measures responsibility. A life resplendent with opportunities lies just ahead. To grasp these possibilities, to enter into these privileges, is to fill out life's measure with the greatest usefulness, not for self, but for others; not for time but for eternity.

Eternity will be but the reverberation of a lifetime, the unbroken vibration of an everlasting echo. Whether in rapture or in ruin the ear will be strained to listen to the re-echoing of time's activities. Voltaire, standing amid the shadows will hear from the

(Continued on page 8.)



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UPLAND

GAS CITY

TAYLOR UNIVERSITY ECHO

Published on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, by the Taylor University Echo Company, Students of Taylor University, Upland, Indiana, from October to June, both months inclusive.

Entered as Second Class Matter Oct. 15, 1913, at the postoffice at Upland, Ind., under Act of March 3, 1879.

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Terms—\$1.00 per annum (18 issues) in United States, if paid before Jan. 1, 1919; \$1.25 per annum if paid after Jan. 1, 1919. \$1.25 per annum to foreign countries.



We hear much today about "woman coming into her own."

China is ahead of us (as she always has been) and can boast of something that America cannot,—a man has "come into his own." If the saying, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," is true then, Chinese men are actually doing what all men have been doing in name—ruling the world.

We are told by one who has traveled thru the providence that in the mountains of Kiangsi there is a town in which men "rock the cradle." It all came about this way.

In olden times the provinces of Kiangsi and Fukien quarreled. The men were summoned to battle. The women knew nothing about flooding the rice fields, planting crops, and running the shops, and for a time they did not attempt to learn, thinking their husbands and brothers would return.

The intensity of the feud increased and soon all the strong men had been called out of the city. They never returned. During the years that followed the women found they could manage the shops, the fields, and the government of the town as well as

the men and besides they made more money than the men had done.

But a feeling became prevalent that a town was incomplete without husbands. A meeting was called, a vote was taken, and husbands were imported from a neighboring clan, with the understanding that they were to stay at home, do the cooking and look after the babies, thus leaving the women free to devote their entire time to business.

It is said that the women "managed with a high hand, just as our men did in the Flint Age, and they have kept on managing just as our men have liked to manage a man-made world even to the present day."

Mrs. Wang hurried home one evening from market. The business for the day had all been satisfactorily transacted and she was looking forward to a pleasant evening at home when she could tell her husband the news of the outside world. When she reached home her husband was not at the front door to greet her as was his custom. Hearing the children crying she hastened thru to the back rooms and there was her husband soothing the twins who had broken out with small-pox. A domestic

quarrel ensued in which the husband was soundly scolded for not having had the "faded-eyed one" (missionary) scratch their arms, as he had been told to do. He ended the trouble with a sudden outburst, "If you don't like the way I manage this home I'll go straight back to mamma."

A thousand years ago Chin Muh Lan, a Chinese girl, became an army commander. Her father was a great general but had grown too old to lead his armies against the enemy. He was embittered against Muh Lan because she was not a son that would uphold the family's military reputation. To atone for her femininity she donned the soldier uniform, mounted the family war horse, took the sword and led the armies forth. Returning victorious she was summoned before the Emperor. Having received congratulations she went back to her home and resumed her household duties.

Thus it has been in our country during the last few years. Woman has been thrust into positions that she feels rightfully belong to man. In order that the men might go to the front she has willingly assumed and efficiently discharged duties that lie outside her realm. Thru it she has attained recognition that has never before been awarded her, but she realizes her highest and noblest work is not to be accomplished by competition with man. And now that the war has ceased she, with a broadened outlook brightened by the light of new experiences which have demonstrated her ability, and with new understanding and realization of the highest privileges of womanhood, is, as fast as the men return to fill their former positions, unhesitatingly stepping up into her rightful and natural sphere and quietly solving world problems through her inestimable, womanly influence.

A CORRECTION.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wertz, of Shelbyville, Indiana, announce the engagement of their daughter, Lela, to Mr. Fred W. Thomas. Both are now attending Taylor University.

ANNOUNCEMENT DINNER.

Cupid hurled a golden dart and as a result Lela and Tommy entertained Tuesday evening, March 25, with an announcement dinner. The color scheme of pink and white was carried out, and a dainty three-course dinner was served. The sparkling mirth and gayety of the party rivaled the brilliancy of the solitaire.

ORGANIZATIONS

HOLINESS LEAGUE.

The Holiness League met March 21st in charge of Evangelist A. C. Zepp. We were glad to see so many of the people from the community out to the service, and cordially invite them back again. Every one entered heartily into the song service, and the spirit of the Lord was graciously manifested from the first of the service.

Our souls were deeply stirred by the message on "Soul Travail," which made us realize not only our privilege, but also our duty in prayer. The Word of God inspired by the Holy Ghost never fails to apply the truth. The fact that thousands of souls are being lost because there are so few who are willing to travail in prayer until souls are born into the kingdom of God, made a deep impression on us. At the close of the message a large number responded to the call to prayer. It was truly a time of earnest and sincere praying. Several testimonies were given expressing a desire to enter more fully into the fellowship of Christ's suffering and become a true intercessor.

THE VOLUNTEER BAND.

Monday evening, March 24, the subject "How Will Christianity Usher in the New Democracy?" was presented to us by Professor Glazier. His discussion of the subject was very forceful.

The first great object and purpose of the missionary's work is to save souls. The chief qualification of the missionary is to serve—"to minister, not to be ministered unto."

In the second place, he is to uplift the world socially. He must be a well-rounded man. He must have a passion for souls. He must be strong physically, mentally, spiritually. The nations are now awaking. God lays His hands on us and bids us go.

The business of the world trails in the tracks of the missionary. Missions introduced sanitation on the Hawaiian Islands. Christianity leavens the whole lump. It will make democracy safe. Unless Christianity permeates the world democracy can not be safe. Germany eliminated Christ from science and we see the result.

—M. S.

PHILO SOCIETY.

The Philo society gave an unusually good program Friday evening, March 21. It was exceptionally good, because one of the main features was the appearance of the greatest and most renowned American born and American trained orchestras in existence.

While playing in New York before vast audiences they met with marked success and were highly congratulated. Through the kindness of their leader, Charles Shilling, they consented to stop with us for an evening. The selections they rendered, "Wonderful Eyes" and "Smiles" were somewhat new to the audience, nevertheless they were greatly appreciated.

Mr. Roberts' talk on the League of Nations added much to the program.

Mr. McCutchen's address (silent appeal) was well composed and delivered with great eloquence.

The piano selections by the Misses Wertz and Holloway were very well rendered.

The Philo standard, read by Mr. White, was full of wit and humor.

—M. W. H.

PEACE CONFERENCE.

It is much to be regretted that it was impossible for the Peace Conference to convene for its last meeting before vacation. Several of its most loyal adherents were on hand and eager for a meeting, but owing to the close proximity of examinations, the session was postponed by the chairman until the first week of the new term.

The question which is occupying the attention of thinking men of our land to an increasingly greater extent surely ought not to seem beneath our notice and palling in interest. To some who decline to become interested, it is becoming tiresome and monotonous, as they say, to be continually hearing talk of the "League of Nations." But the subject acquires a new phase nearly every day, and the many arguments against the principles which it involves are becoming better understood. Let us have a record attendance this Saturday night.

—P. T.

Special prices to students at Dexheimer & Beitler's.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy W. Holmes have been transferred from Texas to the Illinois Conference. He is located at Mendon, Ill.

NEWS OF CONFERENCE.

The first week of April was "Conference week." The young men who have charges, several members of the faculty, and a number of students, went to Peru, Indiana, to attend the annual meeting of the North Indiana Conference. Those who attended report a successful session from beginning to end.

At the morning devotional exercises, Bishop Nicholson gave excellent Bible readings and expositions of high spiritual tone which conveyed special instruction to ministers. The business sessions each forenoon were well attended by preachers and laymen. The reports from Taylor University students compared favorably and in many cases excelled those from other colleges. We could wish that the evangelistic services held each afternoon had been more helpful. They lacked the note of vital holiness.

The addresses each evening were scholarly and timely. The one of Hon. Samuel Small on the Anti-Saloon League, was unique, entertaining and instructive. The lecture by Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, was of the highest order and will require special mention at a later date. Saturday night we were wonderfully blessed by Bishop Warne's address on India.

Sunday was a great day. At the love feast in the morning many testified to the joy and victory of the sanctified life. The Conference sermon by Bishop Nicholson was one of his best. In the afternoon the ordination services were impressive. The presiding Bishop and Bishop Warne gave practical and helpful advice to the Deacons and Elders, urging them to tarry until they were endued with power from on high. The address to the Epworth League was earnest and enthusiastic. Dr. James M. Taylor's message of the evening was a fitting culmination of the blessed day. The services concluded with a score or more of young men and women at the altar consecrating themselves to Foreign Mission work.

The Centenary, its plans, motives, and objectives, was the theme of sermons and addresses. The truth that Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit must be the motive and that exalting and preaching Him to the unchurched at home and the unenlightened abroad must be the objective, was impressed upon the audiences in almost every service.

—Prof. Cobb.

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(Continued from page 5)

millions whose ungodliness and debauchery were a consequence of his brilliant blasphemies, a weeping, wailing, despairing echo. Paul, standing in the light, will listen and from all the circles of the ransomed, from all the mansions he helped to people, will catch a glorious, triumphant, echo. How immeasurably glorious then, if

our walk below has been by faith with a victorious tread until the dimming veil of mortality has been rent asunder. Then our glorified souls shall bask in eternal noon-day; our raptured vision shall behold the radiant beauty of the City Celestial, and we shall dwell in the presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords.

—Prof. Cox.

**"P. T."**

Truly our P. T. instructor maketh us to do wondrous things, intended to produce that co-ordination of "mind and muscle" which shall develop in us the physique of Hebe. Now we throw our arms about like wild women; and again we strike at imaginary foes. But, verily, our efforts returneth not unto us void, for not only do we feel a mightily increased agility, but our pugilistic abilities are trained. Often do our room-mates protest against our practice of the dumb bell upon them in our sleep, which we, in truth, do unwittingly.

Behold us as we leap like our little brother of the mill-pond, the frog! Truly we are not so graceful as he, but we rejoice in the thought that we fall not far short in our attempts at mimicry.

But hold! Another order is given. Quickly our mood changeth and we have become fish. We place our hands together, then shove the surging waters aside—thus.

Yet again the stern command—we fall in line and trot about the gym like gallant steeds. Exulting in our strength, we prance and caper, tossing our flowing manes. (If, indeed, the imagination stretcheth so far.)

Suddenly the order soundeth to halt before the stall bars. "Left face!" We find the bars before us, or ourselves behind the bars. At the word we climb and hang from the topmost bar. The object of our imitation hath not been made known to us, but inasmuch as we are "behind the bars" and "hanging," the discerning observer judgeth for himself.

"Column, to the left, march!" and we once more proceed on our way, halting before a box of dumb bells. Choosing two, fortunate if both be of the same size and weight, we straightway become blacksmiths doubtless with intent to shoe some of the aforementioned horses. Presently we are hammering industriously with our heavy sledges, "With measured beat and slow," fancying all the while within ourselves that we are developing a prodigious amount of muscle, and wondering after what fashion we shall utilize so much superfluous bodily energy. But the happy thought striketh us—P. T. day cometh again!

The instructor's announcement that we prepare for dinner rudely interrupteth our meditations. Consultation of a time-piece revealeth the fact that we have but seven minutes in which to divest ourselves of our "gym" raiment and some of the soil of the floor which hath begrimed our hands and stained our clothing, and to make ourselves ready for dinner.

Our hair which hath become loosened from our leaping like frogs, and presumably dampened from our swimming like fish, and almost completely disheveled from tossing as a mane, must be brushed and rearranged.

Yea, it suddenly behooveth us to become acrobats, if we desire to appear at dinner in that attire which becometh the dignified college maid. But our training serveth us well again, for in due season we are presentable and walk into the dining hall quite demurely, never more to think of Physical Training until we awake on

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the morrow with many groans and sighs, in spirit more like ninety than—nineteen.

Moral: "The way of the college girl who taketh P. T. is hard."

—Emma Tresler

AN IMPROVEMENT NEEDED IN OUR SCHOOL.

"Puff! Puff!" Professor Cobb hastens into the Expression room after a lengthy Chapel period or an unexpected telephone call. Then, while catching her breath she explains to the panting students that Taylor University needs many improvements, but that after ten years of teaching on the fourth floor, she feels that the most necessary is an elevator, running from the basement to the Expression room.

Professor Cobb is not the only one who recognizes the desirability of such an improvement. Every one who is taking or has taken this very helpful and necessary subject at Taylor University deeply feels the same need. For instance, a student meets one of his classmates, looking very forlorn and breathing deeply, on the first step from the main floor. "What's the matter, S——? You don't look well today," he murmurs.

"Oh, I am just wondering if I'll have any breath left to give my reading."

He meets another stopping to rest on the last landing, and he gasps between the quick heart beats. "Why do you wear such an anxious look today?"

"Well," she pants, "I have scarcely any breath left and I am sure Professor Cobb will call on me first."

Then as he enters the room, which is quiet and peaceful, except for the deep sighs and quick breathing, he whispers, "We need——"

And the class in chorus exclaims, "An elevator!"

Now there are several legitimate reasons why this vividly realized lack at Taylor University should be supplied. First, in order to do his best work an expression student needs all the breath he can summon. If he is compelled to waste his breath in climbing four flights of stairs, his best cannot be expected.

Secondly, in order to have good breath control, a natural, normal heart-action is essential. And climbing stairs, even when done in the proper way, is not at all beneficial for one's heart.

Finally, though an expression student should take bodily exercise, he is not supposed to weary himself un-

necessarily before he commences his class work. And since the Expression room in Taylor University is unfortunately located on the fourth floor, a way should be provided whereby the student may save all the strength and vigor possible to put into his work. This way is an elevator. —Madeline Nostrand.

"AMERICA'S RESPONSIBILITY"

When America has met her supreme responsibility to the world, she will have grasped her greatest opportunity and solved the most difficult world problems.

The greatest opportunity that can come to man is a spiritual opportunity. The deepest need of an individual is a spiritual need; the most vital force in an individual is a spiritual force; and the only permanent aspect of his nature is spiritual. A nation is characterized by, is nothing more than, the great body of individuals of which it is made up. Therefore a nation's greatest need is spiritual; its most powerful force is spiritual; and its only permanent feature is spiritual.

This spiritual opportunity is world wide in its reach. The creator of the world used universal terms in speaking of redemption and of man's responsibility. "God so loved the world." "The field is the world." "Go ye into all the world."

Moreover, this spiritual, world-wide opportunity is one of service. He who grasped his opportunities as no one else ever did, said, "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister." "Whosoever among you would be great, let him be your servant." History calls "hero" the one who has rendered the highest service to his country; the nation that is great is the one whose greatness consists in its service to the world.

America's supreme opportunity, then, is a spiritual, world-wide opportunity of service; in other words, it is missionary in character. Opportunity implies responsibility, and lying between, are problems to be solved.

The educational problem is primarily a missionary problem. While America has the finest of educational facilities, more than one-half the world can not read and write. China alone gives to the world one-fourth of its entire population; thirty-eight percent of the inhabitants of the earth are yellow. It is the missionary who is establishing an adequate system of education among this "unconquerable, unending" yellow race. It is the mis-

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sionary who is introducing education among the blacks of Africa. And it is the missionary who has gone to tribes without a written language, gathered the language from the lips of the people, and reduced it to writing, thus giving them a foundation upon which to build a system of education.

The philanthropic problem is a missionary problem. While America has her expert knowledge of sanitation, hygiene, medicine and surgery, the other side of the world knows nothing about sewerage systems, gives locust hulls, fish eyes and lobster teeth for medicine, and inserts long needles into the body when surgical aid is required. America in Greater New York has seven times as many doctors as there are in the entire non-Christian world. It is the missionary who is going into the remote parts of the world, and relieving the unnecessary suffering by establishing hospitals, training an army of native physicians, and creating a sentiment against unsanitary conditions.

The peace problems of the world are more closely related to missions than to battleships. Wars and formal agreements restrain for a time the injustices which agitate against peace, but missions have something to offer that not only restrains the outward evidences of enmity but incites a spirit of brotherhood.

In the face of the supreme opportunity, in the face of the world problems, what is America's responsibility? It is more than is involved in a commercial relationship. It can not be denied that America "has a part to play in the widening and enriching of the trade of the world" but her exports and imports do not measure her responsibility to the world; they do not solve the world problems; they do not meet the supreme opportunity which has been found to be spiritual in essence.

Again, it is more than the imposition of forms of democracy. "That form of government has the highest authority which best meets the needs of the time and best expresses the genius of the people." "Political institutions must grow out of the life and genius and instinct of the people, if under those institutions the people are to be free." Even if American democracy should be the most adequate form of government for the other nations of the world, it does not meet the deepest need—the spiritual need—of the nations.

The greatest debt America owes the world is not merely the establishing of new ethical standards. The non-Christian world needs a keener sense of moral distinctions and the

necessity for moral choices; but more than this, it needs power to do the right after the choice has been made.

America's supreme responsibility is to give to the world that which "goes to the root of all the trouble"—solves all problems, and meets all needs. Her responsibility is a missionary responsibility; it is to give to the world the gospel of God's love, the message of eternal salvation, of redemption from sin. Nothing less than this meets the world's deepest need or solves its greatest problems; nothing less than this measure's America's opportunity or discharges her obligation. —C. L. R.

THE INFERIOR SEX.

"I am not foolish enough to assert that we could get along without women," he admitted magnanimously as they strolled along the leafy lane; "but what I do say, Magenta, is this—women are less intelligent than men and therefore they should not be trusted with the ballot. Gosh, but it's getting warm!"

"Why not take off your overcoat and carry it, dear?" she suggested.

"I never thought of that," he laughed, and followed the suggestion. "As I was saying, it is a proven fact that women are inferior to men, and so it always has been, and so it always will be. This ankle of mine—it keeps turning under most aggravatingly."

"You're walking in the ruts, dear; walk up here where it's level."

"That's so," he said. "Of course, it's not woman's fault that she is less capable of development. Look at that field of oats!"

"That's not oats, dear; that's wheat," she corrected him.

"Is it?" he said carelessly. "Have I convinced you, Magenta, that woman is intellectually not fit to vote?"

"Yes, dear, perhaps you're right," she wisely replied.

—Joyce Spalding.

Miss Leitch is teaching near her home in this state.

Mr. Shaw is preparing to go east this month to meet her husband, Dr. George Shaw, who is soon to return from England.

The Misses Iris and Eloise Abbey entertained the Misses Irene and Hazel Carroll over the week-end.

The Taylor university quartette—Mr. Weed, Mr. Marquis, Mr. Kendrick and Mr. French with Mr. Shrader went to Matthews, Sunday. The quartette sang at 9:30 in the Wheeling church and Mr. Weed preached. They also sang at the Matthews M. E. church at 11:00 and 7:30. Mr. Shrader preached at these services.

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JOKES.

Miss Stephenson—"I'm going to my room now to get my religion."

Miss Neff—"Good for you."

Wouldn't It Be Funny

To see Miss Albright without her Wigg?

To see Brownie at breakfast?

To see Miss Whataker without her French?

To see Miss Emerson blush?

To see Burke White behave?

To see George Fenstermacher smile?

To find Miss Munro off duty?

To see Thomas have an S. P.?

To hear Miss Draper laugh?

To see Miss Waymire fall down?

Mr. Burke White and lady friend were going to Marion by auto. The roads were bad and the lights were dim.

Mr. White (from rear seat)—"Driver, I have a match back here if you want to find your light."

Peavy—"Light travels 186,000 miles per second. If a man were standing on the North Star with a telescope he would not be able to see the Battle of Gettysburg, which took place in July, 1863, until January, 1918."

Schrader (thoughtfully) "Would he have to stand there all that time?"

Exam in Shakespeare.

Roberts—"To be or not to be, that is the question."

Miss Munro—"It's to be, and there is no question about it."

Miss Munro (in Eng. 15)—"You have read this essay 'On Old Maids and Bachelors?' Of course you appreciated that."

Miss Draper (to class of girls)—"Take the next chapter on Phosphorus. I'm sure you will be interested in that, for it tells how to make matches."

Dr. Vayhinger (to his stenographer)—"Yes, address that letter to Miss So-and-So. She is a mighty fine little girl and would make some man a good wife."

Brown (enthusiastically)—"What did you say her address is, Dr.?"

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Miss Dickinson is teaching near her home in New York.

Miss Staffsburg is teaching near Edgely, N. D., this year.

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